The Pleaſant

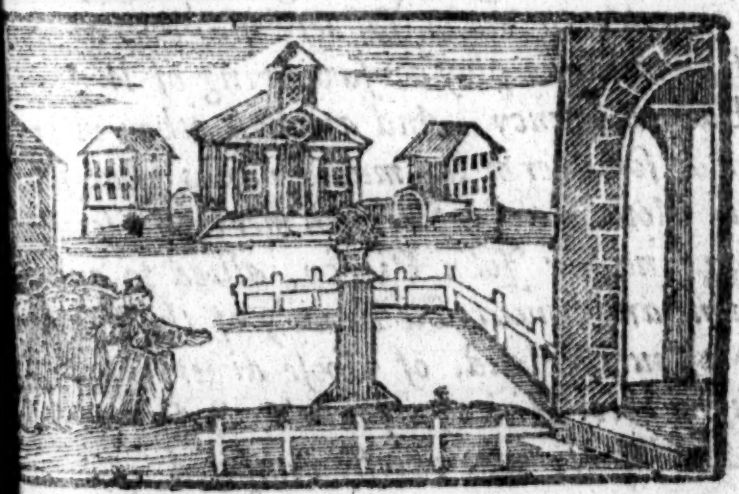
HISTORY

OF THE

Frolickſome Courtier

AND THE

Jovial TINKER.



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PREFACE.

MUSEUM

IN the Reign of King James I. when Scotland was united to England, after long jarring wars, and much bloodshed, the Union was founded through the whole Nation, and the fine Court flourishing in all its Grandeur, and Gallantry, and many Persons of distinction resorting daily to it; that in order to make Diversion, several mad Pranks were play'd, savouring of Wit and Extravagancy. And amongst other merry, or as some term it, mad Pranks that filled the Mouths of people with merry Discourse, was one Sir John Piercy, allied to an ancient and honourable Family of the Earls of Northumberland, of whose diverting Passages this History, for the Sake of true Merriment, was chiefly composed.

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HISTORY

OF THE

Courtier and Tinker.

CHAP. I.

How finding a drunken Tinker asleep, he had him carried in that Posture to his House; laid him on a Bed in a stately Room, with rich Cloaths by him, feasted and entertained him with Musick; and making him drunk, conveyed him back again.

RIding one day along with his Retinue, he espied a Tinker (who had been taking a very early Draught, to quench the spark in his Throat) lying fast asleep, and snoring under a sunny Bank,

having made his Budget into his Pillow, to reſt his drowſy Head upon, and the Courtier's Country Houſe not being far off, he immediately cauſed his Servants to take him up very ſoftly, and carry him

thither; then to put him in a ſtately Be in the beſt Chamber, pull of his foul ſhir and put him on a clean one; then conve away his old Coaths, and lay rich ones b him. This was punctually obſerved. Th Tinker being thus laid, ſlept ſoundly t Evening; when rouſing up between ſlee and waking, and being dry, as uſual drunkards are, he began to call for drin but was extremely frighted to find hin ſelf got into ſuch a Place, furniſhed wi Lights, with Attendants about him th bowed to him, and harmonious Muſi

accompanied with moſt charming Voices, but none of them to be ſeen.--Whereupon looking for his old Cloaths and Budget, he found a Muff and rich Attire glittering with Gold by him, which made him fancy himſelf metamorphoſed from a Tinker to a Prince. He aſked many Queſtions, but in vain, yet being willing to riſe, the Attendants arrayed him, in the richeſt attire, ſo that he looked on all ſides, admiring the ſudden change of Fortune, as proud as a Peacock, when he ſpreads his Tail againſt the glittering Beams of the Sun. And being arrayed, they carry him into another Room, where was a coſtly Banquet prepared; and placed him in a Chair, under a fine Canopy fringed with Gold, being attended with Wine in gilded Cups.—At firſt he ſtrained Courteſy, but being entreated to ſit down, the Banquet being ſolely at his Diſpoſal, he fell too moſt heartily. Then after Supper they ply'd him with ſo much Wine as to make him dead drunk; then ſtripping him, and putting on his old Cloaths, they carried him as they had brought him, and laid him in the ſame Poſture they found him, being all this Time aſleep; and when he

waked in the morning, ſtaring about, he took all that happened before for a Viſion, telling it wherever he came, that he had verily dreamed he had been a Prince telling them, as well as he could, all that had happened, but plainly he now ſaw again, his Fortune would raiſe him no higher than to mend old Kettles — Yet he made this Song, for the Fraternity to ſing at Leiſure:

ALL you that jovial Tinkers *are,*
Come liſten unto me:
I dream'd a Dream hat was ſo rare,
That none to it can e'er compare:
No Tinker *ſuch did ſee.*

I thought I was a King indeed,
Attired gay and fine:
In a ſtately Palace I did tread,
Was to a princely Banquet led,
And had good Cheer of Wine.

But ſoon I found me in a Ditch,
That did no Comfort lend:
This ſhews a Tinker, *tho' he itch,*
To be a Prince, or to grow rich,
Muſt ſtill old Kettles mend.

CHAP. II.

How he bought all the Butter of a Woman going to Market, and the Frolicks he play'd with her for being over covetous, cauſing the Saying, when a Woman ſcratches her breech, butter will be cheap.

THIS merry Courtier riding one day hunting, met a country woman in a narrow lane, with a baſket on her head, which ſhe carried as if it was heavy, and had almoſt tired her.—He then aſked her what ſhe had in it; ſhe told him butter, and that ſhe was to carry it three Miles farther to Market. O poor Woman! ſaid he, I pity thee; what wilt thou ſell it for? So much, Sir, ſaid ſhe.—Upon which he gave her the money, and taking the Butter, clapt it upon a Tree, and calling his Hounds away he went, concluding what the Woman would do when he was out of ſight. He got within-ſide the hedge, and lay cloſe 'till ſhe returned, and clawed off all the Butter, put into her Baſket, and was about to be gone; when

leaping over the Hedge, and catching fa
hold of her, he cry'd out, O thou wiche
covetous Wretch! art thou ,obbing m
before my Face? How much more the
wilt thou do behind my Back? But I'
be ſo reveng'd on thee, that whenever an
one ſees a Woman ſcratching her Breech
they ſhall cry Butter will be cheap (an
from thence indeed that Saying came
and ſo throwing her down, in ſpigh
of all her Pleadings, That it was pit
good Butter ſhould be ſpoiled, her Re
ſiſting and Intreaties were in vain, fo
turning up her Clouts, he ſo bedaube
her Buttocks and Thighs, calling for hi
Hounds, which immediately came in ful
Cry, he cauſed ihem to lick and take i
off, while the poor Woman cry'd ou
moſt lamentably, expecting every Mo
ment ſhe ſhould be devoured, and in th
Bellies theſe loud-mouth'd voracious Curs
but he ſuffered lhem not to hurt her, onl
ſending her away with a greaſy Pair o
Buttocks, which ſhe fell to rubbing im
mediately, as alſo doubting left there ha
been ſome Collops taken out of them.

CHAP

CHAP. III.

By what a comical Method he relieved the poor Widow of Mortlake, againſt the Parſon of the Pariſh, who had ſtopped up her Water-Gap.

A Widow-Woman liviug at Mortlake by the Thames, had one part of her Lands lying ſo low, that they were oftentimes much overflowed, to the damaging her Graſs and Corn. whereupon, by the advice of her Neighbours, at a great Expence, ſhe cut a Water-courſe, to carry away the Water into the River—So now when it was done, the parſon of the Pariſh, to get Money out of her, cavilled about ſome Infringements which ſhe had made of cutting of his Manor, or Waſte-Ground, of which he was Lord, by holding it of the Crown, tho' all the Time it was doing, he ſaid nothing to interrupt it; and knowing it could be carried no other Way, he demanded a great Sum for Sufferance, which ſhe refuſing to pay, he ſtaked and dammed it up.—So that he

Water overflowed more than before, to her great prejudice, and finding that entreaties would not prevail, she got a Petition, setting out all her grievances, to the King and the Council, then residing at Whitehall, and not having a Friend to deliver it, she attended for several Days, one after another; but was told by the Attendants at the Door, that she had not the right way, upon which our Courtier took notice of her, and ask'd what she attended so often for. She upon this immediately told him her Grievances, and shewed him her Petition. When reading it, Ah! Woman, said he, this Petition is not right drawn up. But if you will stay here for some time, I will bring you one which shall effectually do your Business. The Woman dropt him a Courtsey, and thank'd him heartily, and accordingly he came and put it in himself; which when the Clerk looked upon to read, he immediately burst into such a laughter, that he could not read it. Upon which, one of the Lords took it, and no sooner had looked upon it, but he laughed likewise. Upon which the King, who was of a merry Temper, said, by my Saul, Man,

read it, that we may all laugh, if it be worth laughing at. Whereupon it was read, and contained in Subſtance as followeth:

The Parſon of Mortlake,
With two Stones and a Stake,
Hath ſtopp'd up my Water Lake,
Help, Lords, for God's Sake.

At this the King and the reſt could not chuſe but laugh, and the Widow was ordered to be brought in, and aſked if ſhe knew what was in her Petition. She anſwered. No? but that a Gentleman ſhe met with had given it her, and told her it would do her Buſineſs.—Upon which, teey concluded who it came from, and the King, ſmiling, told her, her Buſineſs was done effectually, and that he would have no Woman's Water-Courſe ſtopped long againſt her will, for never a Parſon in England; and thereupon an Order was immediately made, that the Barricade ſhould be removed; to which the Parſon was forced to ſubmit, though not without much Grumbling.

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

How he ſerved the Tinker, coming again to his Houſe, becauſe he complained he could get no Drink.

THE Tinker I have before mentioned, not knowing the Houſe where he had been ſo nobly entertained, and which he only took for a Viſion, and often walking that Road, and crying Old Braſs to mend; he had been called into work, and was often aſked various Queſtions by the Servants, and as often told them his imaginary Viſion. But they giving him no ſtrong Liquor, he often complained of it in the Town; ſaying, tho' ſome had praiſed Sir John's Liberality, and how free he was of his Liquor, yet for his own Part, he could ſay no ſuch Thing, as ever having found him ſo ſtingy and niggardly, that not ſo much as one Sup of his famed March or October Beer could he get—This being babbled about, came to our Courtier's Ears, who was reſolved to puniſh his Saucineſs, tho' in a

comical Way: — So one Day, as he was paſſing by, he ordered him to be called in to do ſome Work, and after he had done it, to come to him (as having laid the Buſineſs with his Servants beforehand.) Come, old Fellow, ſaid he, thou look'ſt as if thou were dry as Vulcan. What ſay you, if I ſhould order you where you may have your Fill of good Drink? Would you not be glad of it? Ay, Maſter, ſaid he, making a Nod and a Scrape, God's Bleſſing on your Heart for it, and I thank you too.

Upon this he ordered his Butler to carry him down, and beſure not to ſtint him, but let him have his full ſwill: They inſtantly went, and the Tinker followed them very joyfully, but they had no ſooner got him down, but ſhutting the Door cloſe, they ordered him to be ſtript: At which he much wondered, and began to make Excuſes on account of the Blackneſs of his Hide, which would be very undecent and unſeemly.———But they pretended it was the Way of the Cellar when a new Comer was to be made free of it, but never after how oft ſoever he came.—He being willing to comply, that

he might have his Skin full of Liquor, that might prove both as Meat and Cloth to him, off went his Leathern Doublet, Breeches, Shoes, Stockings and Hat. As for ſhirt he had none, having pawned it to his Hoſteſs that Morning, for three Noggins of Brandy.——Then taking a Friſk or two in a merry Vein, they ſurpriſingly whipt him up by the Heels, and put him into a full Butt of good Strong Beer, the upper Head being taken up for that purpoſe. So that he dip'd over Head and Ears like a Duck that dives. Yet after he had recovered his Legs, it was but juſt ſhoulder-deep: For when, upon winding of the Horn, whilſt he would have been ſcrambling out, in came Sir John, demanding what was the Matter — They told him, the Tinker was not content to drink full Horns at the Cock, but would needs get in to drink it all at a Draught.— Ay, ſaid he, this is a thirſty ſoul indeed. But ſince he undertakes to drink it, he ſhall do it; for none of my Servants ſhall drink it now he has waſh'd his dirty Hide in it; crying to him with an angry Voice Sirrah, you Rogue, drink it as you propoſed, or it ſhall be worſe for you: And

while he ſtood ſhivering up to the Neck, and was endeavouring to lay the Fault upon others, the Courtier ſeemed impatient to be dallied with, drew a Broad-ſword; that was two edged, proteſting his Head ſhould go off for thus abuſing good Liquor, was there no more Tinkers in the World. And with that making a full blow at him, as the Tinker believed, ſeeing him in ſuch a paſſion, he to avoid the coming Stroke, dropt down over the Head and Ears, ſtaying under as long as he could, and peeping up, and ſeeing the threat'ning danger. he popt down again for ſix or ſeven Times. 'Till fearing to carry the Jeſt too far, he gave him a ſhort Reſpite, telling him, Now he could not report abroad he was niggardly of his drink; for he had, or might have enough of it—Then bidding his Servants to take him out, and order him to depart or drink it up, which he thought fit. And thus he went away laughing——The Tinker, who at firſt was very angry, but being cheared up with a cordial Dram, and ſo made ſenſible that all this was but a Frolic and that for the future their Maſter would be his good Friend, if he behaved

civilly. He was pacified, and ſo putting on his Cloaths, he beat the Road for a Gang of merry Fellows of his acquaintance who had it brought into the Court-yard in Black Jacks.-- When after they had drank it, the Tinker told them the Cauſe of its being given away, was, becauſe there was a ſwinging Toad unexpectedly fallen into it and upon their Enquiry, he told them the Circumſtances, which ſet them a laughing 'till their Sides were almoſt crackt. Afterwards they had Plenty of Victuals ſent them, and the Tinker being thus made free of the Cellar, was ordered to call at the Houſe, and have Victuals and Drink as oft as he came that Way.—And ſo they departed, ſpreading Sir John's Fame in every Place they came, as a hoſpitable and moſt bountiful Benefactor, ſinging as they went this Catch:

GOOD Houſe-keeping, they ſay, is fled
Or Hawks and Hounds, or Whores, have rid her:
But we ſay ſhe's not fled, nor dead,
Who have ſo plentifully beheld her.
Long may ſhe flouriſh in this Nation,
And get it praiſed, as of old;
That we, by following the French Faſhion,
May not make Charity grow cold.

CAAP. V.

A comical Trick he made the Tinker ſerve an old Farmer, who uſed to ride ſleeping, making him think that his Horſe was a Devil.

THE Tinker being better pleaſed with his Treatment, often frequented the Houſe, making the Knights merry with his pleaſant ſongs, &c. ſo that he was much pleaſed with his Converſation, and often gave him Money, and one Day put him on a Frolic, ſeeing him an apt Fellow.—He had ſeen an old Curmudgeon Farmer, ſleeping and nodding on his horſe as he came from Market, and giving the Tinker directions what to do, when he ſhould come by, knowing his hour, and delivering him a parcel of Crackers, and other Fire works, he cauſed him to be dreſſed in a Raw-hide with Horns, when the Tinker, according to Order, with the Help of a ſervant, having ſtopt the Farmer's Horſe, whilſt the Rider was ſleeping pitched four ſtakes, one at each Corner

of the Pannel, and ungirting, drew the Horſe from under, when taking off the Bridle, he put his own Head into the headſtall, ſo then after he placed the Fire-works under the Pannel, he put a Fuſe lighted to them, and ſo kept a Motion as the Horſe uſed to do with the nodding Farmer, who having the Reins about his Wriſt, by his kicking, he awaked, and ſeeing himſelf on a frightful beaſt, which he took for Belzebub, he cry'd out, when the Firework taking, blew up him and the Pannel, and made him fall ſquaſh to the Ground, ſo that the Tinker made off wi h the Stakes and Pannel.——The old Man no ſooner got up, but he fell to running, crying out, The Devil, the Devil, and never durſt come that Way again, but in Company, rather chuſing to go five Miles about.—As for the Horſe, after he had been retained for a Time being let looſe painted with figures of Devils and Spect-ers, went home, frightening many on the Road, and ſo much more his Maſter and Family, who concluded he had been to Hell to fetch thoſe Marks.

CHAP.

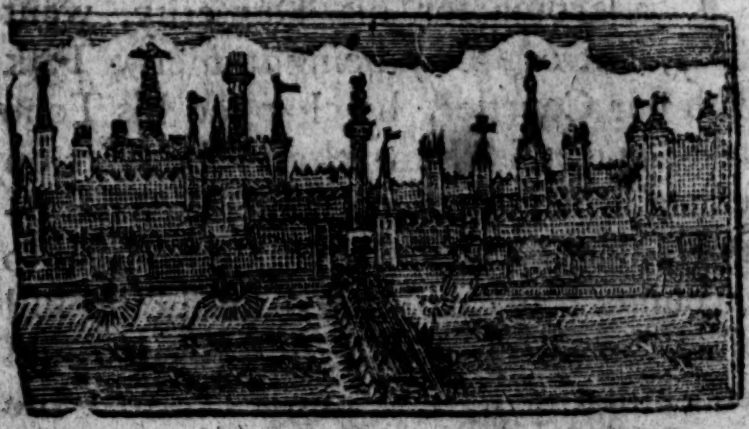
CHAP. VI.

How the Tinker complained to him of a Butcher's Dog that often aſſaulted him; How he put on the Tinker's Habit, fought with and killed the Dog, and the comical Examination before a Juſtice.

THE Tinker being rewarded with a Crown for his Dexterity, went away, but one Day being in merry Talk with our Courtier, he changed his Tone ſadly, and told him, that a Butcher on ſuch a Road kept a Lion-like Maſtiff-Dog; that he was not ſo much afraid to encounter him, as that if he ſhould kill him, the Butcher, as he told him, would ſend him to Jail, and puniſh him at the next Seſſions, having one Juſtice Clodpole on his Side, who was his Landlord, and whoſe Houſe he ſerved with Meat, and doubted would hearken to any Thing he ſaid againſt him, though ever ſo falſe and unjuſt.

Sir John having liſtened to this Complaint, and laughing, bid him be of good

Cheer, for himſelf would try the Dog-adventure.—Upon this he ordered ſome Cloaths to be brought, which the Tinker, ſtripping, put on, and the Knight put on his, except his Shirt, and taking his Budget, Pike-ſtaff, Kettle and Hammer, away he went, beating his Kettle, and crying, Work for a Tinker, 'till he came near the Butcher's Houſe.——The Dog ſoon heard the Tink-Tink, and away he



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upon which he ran away howling, and tracing the Ground with his Blood, 'till he came to his Maſter's, where he died. At this he was ſo much enraged, that he called a Conſtable, and ſeized the Knight, who purpoſely made no Reſiſtance, ſo taking him before the Juſtice, with the utmoſt Complaints, and very heavy Threatenings.

The Juſtice very gravely demanded, What the Fellow was brought before him for? The Butcher ſaid, An't pleaſe your Worſhip, for killing my Servant.—Ay, ſaid the Juſtice, he looks like a bloody minded Villain, therefore write his Mittimus, and ſee he be well ironed, leſt he make his Eſcape.

I beſeech your good Worſhip not to be ſo raſh and haſty, ſaid the Knight as to paſs ſentence upon me ſo hard. Pray aſk this Butcher what Servant of his I killed. Ay, ſaid the Juſtice, let him ſpeak. Then in Truth, ſaid the Butcher, I ought in Conſcience to ſpeak Truth: It was but a Dog? yet ſuch a Dog as I ſay I would not have taken the beſt Five Guineas in this Country for. Do you ſee me ſir, he had rare Qualities over other Dogs; he

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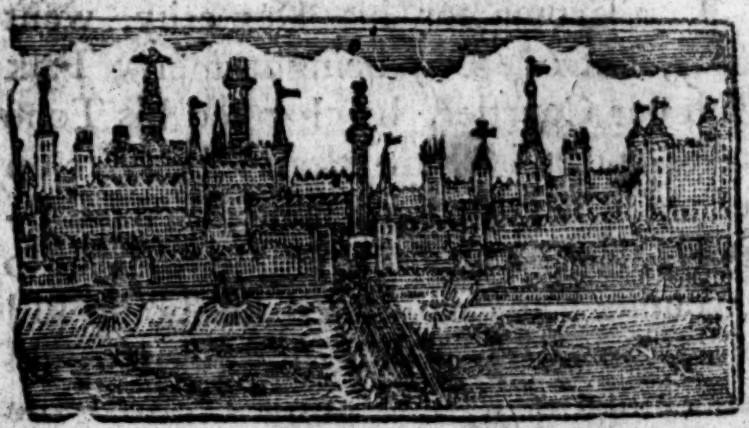

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would not only fetch home his Sheep out of the Field, when I wanted them, and ſave me that Trouble, but, do ſou ſee, Mr. Juſtice, he would go a Sheep-hunting, and drive me home a Couple, and ſometimes Half a Dozen of wild Sheep, which Nobody owned, or I did not think fit to enquire after, or they after me; ſo that he made me a thriving Man; beſides he was the Guard of my Houſe; and I believe he purpoſely killed him, that he might rob me.

Ay, ay, ſaid the Juſtice, all this is true and you ſpeak like an honeſt Man, and he looks indeed like a Rogue, and I believe you; but however we can't indeed hang him for a Dog, but I'll ſend him to Jail, and there he ſhall lie and rot in his louſy Linen, and drink Kennel Water, and not one Bit of Meat, unleſs now and then a roaſted Turnip cooled on a Burdock-leaf. This is a very hard Sentence indeed, Mr. Juſtice, ſaid our counterfeit Tinker. No, no replied the Juſtice, it is too mild a oce for a Villian ſuch as you are. But added, I had like to have forgot a material Point in his Examination. Tell me, Sirrah, how you came to kill this honeſt

Man's Dog? Why, Sir, ſaid he, with the Pike-End of my Staff, for running at me to bite me.—Ay, ay, ſaid the Juſtice, that was villainous in you, could you not have turn'd the other End, and gave him a Rap upon the Pate?——Yes, returned he, if he had come to me with his Tail foremoſt.

Pr'ythee ſhew me, ſaid the Juſtice, how he came at thee?—I will ſhew your Worſhip: He came open-mouth'd, as I do to you now, crying *Bow, wow, wow*—And here running againſt the juſtice, he overthrew him and his chair to the Ground; ſo that he moſt loudly cried out, Murder, and being got up, he order'd his mittimus to be made, reviling him at a very deſperate Rate.—But, all on a ſudden the Tables were turned: For no ſooner being aſked, but he told his Name. When up ſtarts the Juſtice, and coming unto him, with a low Reverence, Oh! Sir John, ſaid he, Is it you? Who could have thought it? I am heartily ſorry for what I have ſaid. Then turning to the Butcher, who ſtood wondering, ſaid, Sirrah, you Raſcal, do you keep Dogs to aſſault Gen-

tlemen. But I will teach you bette
Manners. Come, bind him over to th
ſeſſions preſently, and if he has no Ba
take him to Jail. This is a prett
thing indeed, that People ſhould not pa
the Roads peaceably for ſuch Rogues a
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ceeding all was pacified, and the Butche
went home, with a Flea in his Ear.

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